

"THE INSIDER"

By VIRGINIA TERHUNE
VAN DE WATER

(Continued from Wednesday.)

For what must have been a full minute I knelt in front of little Grace Norton, waiting for her next speech. Perhaps the situation would have seemed ridiculous to the casual onlooker. To me it meant more than appeared on the surface. My success in this beautiful home might depend upon what this little child thought of me. And from her aunt's silence I was sure that she, too, was waiting to hear the small girl express her frank opinion.

As I waited I, in my turn, looked my own charge over. She was slender and dainty, with great gray eyes and long lashes; her hair was soft and hung in loose curls about her face. Her skin was clear and pale, her hands and feet were tiny. Her frame was very small. Evidently she did not inherit her physique from her father. She was probably like her mother, Mrs. Gore's sister. As this thought came to me, I saw a strong resemblance between the fragile widow and the little girl.

At last the child spoke. "I am glad you have come," she said gravely. Then, turning to her aunt—"and I like her, Auntie."

The reaction from the brief period of suspense was sudden. Mrs. Gore smiled, and I laughed outright.

"Good!" I exclaimed. "I am glad you like me, for I like you."

"Do you?" Grace queried. Then at last she smiled, and, as I came to my feet, she tucked her hand in mine.

"Come up to my nursery with me—can't she, Auntie?" she pleaded.

In a few minutes she was in my room, and she said, "Maggie" she called to someone who was moving in the adjoining room.

A tiny checked maid appeared at the door.

"Maggie," the mistress ordered, "go with Miss Grace up to her room and take her wraps off. Tell her to come toward me, up to Miss Grace's new room."

Later she will come up and you can tell her where the little girl's room belongs to."

A Little Talk.

When the servant and child had gone upstairs, Mrs. Gore asked me to close the door.

"I want to have a few minutes talk with you," she said quickly, as though

she had a duty on her mind which she wished to discharge as soon as possible. "Sit down."

"I am not strong," she continued, when I had done her bidding. "Although I am seldom actually ill, but I cannot be up and down stairs after Grace, of course. So I have had her in here with me a great deal, as there must be some responsible person to talk to as sensitive a child as she is."

Her room is up on the same floor as yours, connecting with it, in fact, it is the big front room. Opening from it on one side is a combination dressing and bathroom in which I have had Maggie sleep since the trained attendant left some months ago."

"Trained attendant?" I repeated. "Has the child been ill?"

"Oh, no," the aunt said, "but she has never been very strong. Her mother—she passed and I could see a faint flush creeping under her skin, and she spoke, reluctantly, but hurriedly—"Her mother was very much of an invalid. Her state of health and nervous affected her baby."

"For several years, we had a trained nurse for the child, and after that a trained attendant. For the past six months we have tried an ordinary maid, but she is not up to the mark. She needs companionship. That is why my brother-in-law engaged you."

"I hope I shall satisfy you," I murmured, as before.

"The question," she said, "is not as to whether you satisfy me, but whether Mr. Norton approves of you. It is he who insists on—once having a governess, I suggested kindergarten for her, but he would not hear of it. He has very rigid ideas of the way he wants her brought up."

"He does not approve of her playing with other children?" I ventured.

"He does not approve of her playing with other children," I ventured.

"I feel that the little girl was very lonely."

"Yes, in a way—always provided some careful older person is present. And you must be that person. I have been hoping that you will be willing to keep an eye on the child at night as well as in the daytime. That is, you will look in on her each night the first thing before you sleep, and you will have the door of communication between your room and hers open at night—so that you can listen for her."

An Agreement Reached.

"Certainly," I agreed, "I would consider that my duty. I am here to look after her comfort and well being, you know."

"I am glad you appreciate that," Mrs. Gore said. "It will then be no longer necessary for Maggie to sleep in Grace's room, will it?"

"Indeed, it will not," I affirmed. Then some impulse made me add: "The little girl must seem almost like her own to you."

"She does," the voice was suddenly strained. "She is my only sister's child, you see."

"She looks like you," I observed.

"She looks more like her own dear mother. She is like her in every way—appearance, disposition and all."

"Does she remember her mother?" I asked.

"No, she was a tiny baby when—she lost her mother."

There was a scarcely perceptible pause on the middle of the sentence. I felt I was on dangerous ground and changed the subject abruptly.

"The son, Grace's brother, must be very fond of his little sister," I remarked.

"He is a great big fellow, like his father in physique."

"Strange," I said, "I mused aloud, 'how different two children of the same parents can be.' I suppose the mother remembers her mother."

"But Mrs. Gore seemed not to hear me," I thought, she said abruptly, "that Maggie must be ready to have me go up to the nursery now. Will you go up at once?"

And so brusque was her manner that I went obediently without another word.

(To be continued.)

Bedtime Story For the Little Ones

UNCLE WIGGLY AND THE FORK.

By HOWARD R. GARRIS.

"SURELY you are not going after the ice cream this time of year," exclaimed Nurse Jane Fussy Wuzzy, the muskrat lady housekeeper, as she saw Uncle Wiggly Longears, the bunny rabbit, start out of his hammock one morning.

"Ice cream? No! What makes you think that?" asked the bunny.

"Why you have a fork on top of your tall silk hat, and of course a fork is for ice cream," said Miss Fussy Wuzzy.

"Hal Ha!" laughed Uncle Wiggly. "Yes, I have a fork. It is true, but I might be going after some stewed carrots with it, only I am not. I am going to give Teddy Sharp Nose, the little fox boy, a lesson in fork politeness today, just as yesterday, I gave him and his little fox friends a lesson in knife politeness."

"Oh, now I remember," cried Nurse Jane, "and when the little fox boy got caught in the grocery bag string you came home."

"Exactly," answered the bunny uncle, and away he went twinkling his pink nose, whistling a jolly tune and singing a little song as he hopped over the fields and through the woods on his way to the fox house.

The song Uncle Wiggly sang went something like this:

"The proper way to use a fork is not to stick it in a cork. Nor yet to jab it in the butter. Nor yet to use it as a butter knife."

A little while after he had sung this fox gentleman, Sharp Nose, and there was Teddy, the little fox animal, ready to open the door for him, snuffing and showing his white teeth, which, of course, would never bite Uncle Wiggly.

"Oh, I'm so glad to see you," cried Teddy. "All the boys are anxious to know how to use their forks, and only one of them has put his knife in his mouth since your last lesson, Sniffy Teeter Toes. It was, who put his knife in his mouth."

"That wasn't exactly nice," spoke Uncle Wiggly.

"Well, Sniffy said he couldn't help it," went on Teddy. "His ma made a tin of molasses candy and Sniffy stuck a knife in it to use it. It was hard, but the candy was soft, and some stuck to the knife so Sniffy put the knife in his mouth to get the candy off."

"Well, Sniffy, that is the way I think we'll forgive him, this time," said the bunny uncle. "Now for some fork lessons. Are you all ready?"

"All ready," answered Teddy, and he led the rabbit gentleman out to the dining room, where a whole lot of little

fox boys were gathered around the table, each one with a fork, ready to learn.

"Present—forks!" called Uncle Wiggly like a soldier general, and when the boys held up the forks he told them how to use them for ice cream, when it was soft frozen, how to cut each piece with a fork and how to use the fork in the left hand to hold down your meat while cutting it, and in the right hand for eating—eating the meat, not the fork, I mean.

Then Sniffy raised his paw, like in school, and asked:

"Is it right to jab your fork in the fox boy next to you, to ask him to pass the bread?"

"No, certainly not! Never do that!" cried Uncle Wiggly.

"I didn't," said Sniffy. "But Chow-Chow, the fox chap over there, did that to me, and he pointed to a red fox."

"Well, he wouldn't listen to me, and pass the bread," spoke Chow-Chow. "I'm hungry!" for at these lessons Mrs. Fox Nose gave the boy foxes real food.

"Never use your fork to lay anybody against," said Uncle Wiggly, and he had to speak just a little bit cross, you know. Then he went on with the lesson and the fox boys learned many things about forks they never knew before. And then, all of a sudden—

"Oh, help! Help!" came a loud call from the yard back of the fox house.

"Help me or they will all blow away!" "Goodness gracious! snakes alive and some prairie dogs on cheese cakes!" cried Uncle Wiggly. "What's that?"

"It's my mother! She's in the clothes out on the line in the yard!" called Teddy, looking out of the window. "And it is so breezy, being March, that the wind is blowing all the clothes away, and mother can't fasten them on the lines, because the clothes pins are blowing away also and—Oh, dear! She's having a terrible time!"

"I should say so!" cried Uncle Wiggly. "Help! Help!" called Mrs. Sharp Nose again, as she tried to hold on the line two sheets and four pillow cases.

"Quick, fox boys!" cried Uncle Wiggly like a captain shouting orders. "Forward, march to the yard, and fasten the blowing clothes on the line with your fork! Quick! They will be as good as clothes pins. March!"

Then the fox boys, having cleaned the forks on their red tongues, rushed out and pinned the flapping clothes fast on the line for Mrs. Sharp Nose, who thanked them.

So you see forks are useful for something else than eating ice cream, and if the green flag doesn't turn pink when it waves on the ocean bench at the clean shell party I'll tell you next."

"All ready," answered the bunny uncle, and he led the rabbit gentleman out to the dining room, where a whole lot of little

HOROSCOPE

Sunday, March 18, 1917.

A STROLOGERS read this as a doubtful day. While Mercury, Venus and Mars and the sun are in benefic aspect, Saturn and Neptune are strongly adverse.

During this away strange vagaries of public opinion may incline toward hasty diplomatic decisions. It is wise to go slowly in taking any important state affairs.

Neptune is believed to influence men toward distorted view of life and one of the needs of the race, most preached in the future will be a return to primitive standards of life.

During this configuration whatever concerns publicity or advertising should prosper exceedingly.

Again newspapers, magazines and books are subject to an influence believed to be most promising. Writers should benefit greatly.

Women have the best direction today. Prominence in all national movements, long foretold, will be suddenly realized, owing to extraordinary events.

Venus foreshadows a return to modesty in fashions and the beginning of a period in which higher ideals of life are fostered by the life class.

This should be a fortunate day for love affairs, engagements and social entertainments.

Railways have the most promising outlook for the spring and summer, but accidents involving loss of freight may be numerous.

Again riots are indicated, owing to the affliction of Mercury in the rising sign of Virgo.

Mars gives promise of benefits to the army and honor to men of military rank, although there is persistent indication of scandals which will be exposed in a sensational manner.

Changes in the president's cabinet, long foretold, will be followed by surprising reorganizations in governmental administration.

Persons whose birthdate it is should safeguard the health of the family. With care business should succeed, but there is danger from false friends.

Children born on this day will be probably exceedingly lucky in life, but these subjects of Pines and Arica usually have complex natures difficult to deal with.—Copyright, 1917, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.

Monday, March 19, 1917.

THIS is read as a most unfortunate day, since Jupiter and Neptune are in strongly malefic aspect, while Mercury, Venus and Mars are slightly adverse.

Commercial enterprises of all sorts are subject to an unlucky way, making for heavy losses, through fraud as well as bad business conditions.

Bankers and brokers have a leading making for caution in all transactions, especially those that concern money securing and exporting to South America.

Agitation relating to modern education is likely to occupy much space in the public prints in the next few weeks.

This is not a promising rule for professors or teachers, who may find it necessary to combat vagaries in the minds of pupils. Under Neptune many strange fallacies find acceptance, especially in the minds of the young.

The day is not a lucky one for new plays or first appearances of actors and singers.

Mars presages a war excitement that will merely increase public anxiety for a brief time.

Foreign visitors of distinguished rank will be numerous in the next few weeks and a tragedy with unfortunate international complications is predicted.

Construction on railways and highways may be impeded during this rule of the stars, but much activity is foreshadowed for all parts of the United States.

Widespread interest in faith healing will extend to many churches in Canada as well as the United States, the week ending.

Women are warned that they may arouse national resentment by a mistake in policy connected with war relief work. Next month brings a similar sign.

Fame for a nontheater who will prophesy concerning some great event in the United States is foretold.

Race riots in the west are indicated and these may assume a serious aspect.

Persons whose birthdate it is should not quarrel or go to law in the coming year. Sarcasm will be unfortunate.

Children born on this day may be inclined to be careless and extravagant. These boys and girls born on the cusp of Pisces and Arica usually have complex natures difficult to deal with.—Copyright, 1917, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.

will bid on some work for the Copper Queen.

Dr. A. K. Albers has sold out his drug store on El Paso street to Brown and Ferguson, the same firm that purchased his other store.

The stationery firm were organized in a union last night, 14 strong, by assistant organizer Cordova. In the absence of organizer Charles Lea, County Judge J. J. Sweeney and county commissioner J. J. Pruden.

Preparations for the commencement exercises of the High school have been taken to form, and from now until commencement the scholars will pass their last hours with greater zest than ever.

Paso delegation Woodmen of the world, who returned from San Antonio where they have been in attendance at the meeting of the head camp. A great deal of important business was transacted at the meeting.

The total number of registration receipts issued at the office of W. M. Jones, at the office of Jones is 2581. There was no election today and none of the applicants were turned down.

News reached Juarez yesterday in one of the official papers from Mexico City to the effect that mayor (mate) of Juarez, in the mayor of Guadalupe, the capital of the state of Jalisco, and a city of 150,000 inhabitants.

VALENTINE MANY SAYS ISER BRIDGE FIRE INCENDIARY

L. D. Louthain, of Valentine, Tex., a passenger on G. H. train No. 9, which struck a burning bridge near Iser, Tex., Thursday evening about 5:45 p. m., said that indications were plain that the bridge had been set on fire, as it was burning from one end to the other when the engine struck it. He said there was no grass near the bridge, and no signs of children having dropped.

Mr. Louthain said there were no indications at the bridge. His right knee was cut slightly when the train stopped. He said there were no persons on the bridge, except the passengers from the train.

All the roads in England are now being built by women.

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Ugh! Calomel makes you sick. It's horrible! Take a dose of the dangerous drug tonight and tomorrow you may lose a day's work.

Calomel is mercury or quicksilver which causes necrosis of the bones. Calomel, when it comes into contact with sour bile crashes into it, breaking it up. This is when you feel that awful nausea and cramping. If you are sluggish and "all knocked out," if your liver is torpid and bowels constipated, or you have headache, dizziness, coated tongue, if breath is bad or stomach sour, just try a spoonful of harmless Dodson's Liver Tone tonight.

Here's my guarantee—Go to any drug store and get a 50 cent bottle of Dodson's Liver Tone. Take a spoonful and if it doesn't straighten you

right up and make you feel fine and vigorous I want you to go back to the store and get your money. Dodson's Liver Tone is destroying the sale of calomel because it is real liver medicine; entirely vegetable, therefore it can not salivate or make you sick.

I guarantee that one spoonful of Dodson's Liver Tone will put your sluggish liver to work and clean your bowels of that sour bile and constipated waste which is clogging your system and making you feel miserable. I guarantee that a bottle of Dodson's Liver Tone will keep your entire family feeling fine for months. Give it to your children. It is harmless; doesn't gripe and they like its pleasant taste.

PRINTER OSCAR KNAPP ILL;

LOSES CLOTHING IN WRECK

Oscar L. Knapp, a printer well known here, formerly a foreman in local printing plants, was brought from San Antonio, Tex., Thursday night by his wife, suffering from illness. He may be taken to the union printer's home at Colorado Springs, Colo. It is said, Knapp was on train No. 2, of the G. & S. A., wrecked near Fort T. and lost clothing in the baggage car that burned. His residence is at 1195 Hampton street.

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